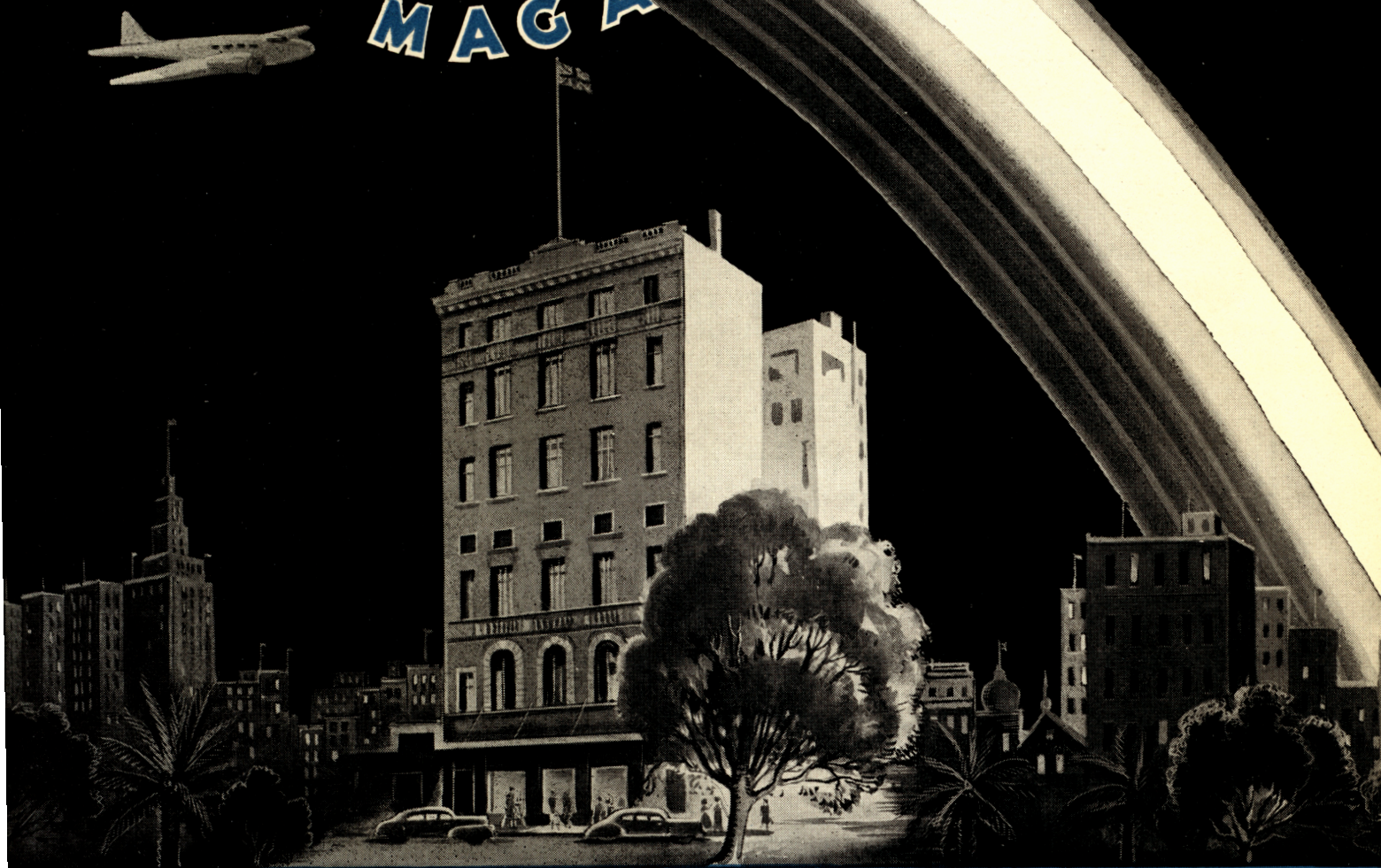


TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

First choice for Randwick

THE
Packard
BROGUE

There's beautifully smooth elk leather in these Packard brogues that polishes to a mirror finish. They're built . . . like all other Packards . . . here in Australia, using American lasts, knives and patterns. In 120 fractional fittings . . . one to fit every foot. Black or tan.



Ask the man who wears them!

FIFTY YEARS

TURN back the pages of the sporting album for the first 50 years of the new century—as many club members may—and what have we? A volume of history highlighted by exceptional achievements in each of the five decades.

In the realms of the extraordinary, perhaps the dominating characters, in terms of attraction and performance, were Bradman and Phar Lap. Some may wish to include among the peerless Darcy and Bernborough, each in his realm. Followers of football might consider a gallery of the great incomplete without W. J. Wallace (N.Z.) and Messenger.

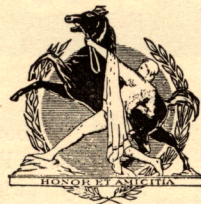
Somewhere the line of demarcation between genius and talent must be drawn. Where? Let the issue be resolved by questioning whether any pair stood above their contemporaries, or those who had gone before, more definitely than the pair nominated — Bradman and Phar Lap?

Some with long memories may claim that Trumper was without peer among batsmen as a stylist. Again, that is not the point. Bradman was not only a great batsman, he was a great personality, an immense moral force.

Fortunately, for the purpose of this survey, Carbine and Phar Lap lived in different periods. And none of the wise-heads place Windbag, Heroic or Peter Pan on a par with Phar Lap.

In this year of grace, nations are seeking a man, or men, to run 100 yards in 9 secs. and a mile in 4 minutes. Science is being enlisted to that end. None may say that those times will not be established any more than the experts may predict when. Anything is possible in an atomic age when the urge for records and more records is accentuated by the tempo of modern life.

Perhaps sport may suffer as a result of over-competitiveness, of commercialisation, of pseudo-amateurism, as an expression of national ego, rather than as a recreation. Perhaps "sport for sport's sake" may be ultimately expunged from the code unless the amateur spirit endures resolutely and, more, brings the enrichment of an ethical renaissance.



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

JOHN HICKEY

Treasurer:

JOHN A ROLES

Committee:

**F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**A. V. MILLER
G. J. C. MOORE
W. H. SELLEN
DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

AFFILIATED CLUBS :

DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles ATHLETIC CLUB :—

Pacific Coast Club
Riviera Country Club

OLYMPIC CLUB San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

FEBRUARY

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1st W. T. Wood | 11th L. G. Robinson |
| 2nd E. E. Hirst | 13th H. Norton |
| A. V. Miller | A. J. Matthews |
| 6th C. O. Chambers | W. C. Hildebrandt |
| T. S. Prescott | |
| 7th Con Murray | 22nd Eric Steel |
| 8th A. J. M. Kelly | 25th Geo. Nacard |
| 9th A. E. Cruttenden | 28th Sol Goldhill |

MARCH

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 4th Roy Hendy, | 17th P. Nolan |
| C.M.G. | 18th H. R. Leeder |
| H. L. Lambert | 22nd Jack Allen |
| 5th F. J. Carberry | 25th J. Broadbent |
| 6th A. A. Ritchie | Mark Whitby |
| V. C. Bear | 26th J. A. Roles |
| Vincent Carroll | M. Frank Albert |
| 10th A. G. Collins | S. Goldberg |
| 11th J. H. E. Nathan | 29th G. J. C. Moore |
| 14th G. W. Savage | 31st J. L. McDermott |
| 15th E. A. Moore | |

Members are invited to notify the Secretary of the date of their birthday.

THE Chairman and members of the Committee entertained at luncheon at the Club's meetings at Randwick on December 31 and January 2, members of the A.J.C. Committee, representatives of other sporting organisations, visitors from other States, as well as members of this Club.

The programme on each of the two days provided keen racing. Finishes in many instances were the most exciting seen at headquarters over a long period. Briefly, racing as the public likes it.

* * *

DEATH of Ben Richards snapped a link with the athletic past, well remembered by W. T. Kerr and Frank Underwood, among Club members. Ben, in his heyday, played with Randwick R.U. club in seasons when Frank Underwood wore the Pirate's jersey. He was in championship class as hurdler and 440 yards runner. Perhaps the best to carry his colours on the turf was Cooranga.

* * *

ANOTHER name that caught the eye was that of Dashing Belle, because of its breeding — Dashing Cavalier-Raw Deal. Then there was Relaxation (Sea Tonic-High Cee). And Nightshirt! Last-mentioned was inflicted on the dam of Double Night.

THE discussion at Rosehill was about Rimveil, Epsom winner. Ossie Pettit informed Steve Buckley (who owned the horse at that time): "Some horses, not many, know where the post is, and Rimveil was one of them. He wasn't really a great horse, but had that instinct over others. One of my horses, Haripur, which won the Peter Moore Cup, was another in that category."

* * *

BILLOW (White Ensign-Record), which carried 8.13 to victory in the Two-year-old Novice Handicap at Tattersall's Club meeting on December 31, was summed up by veterans as one of the finest looking fillies seen out for many a season.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES :

House Committee:

John Hickey (Chairman), J. A. Roles (Treasurer), G. Chiene, A. V. Miller, G. J. C. Moore, W. H. Sellen

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young, A. V. Miller.

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney, C. E. Young (Vice-Presidents), Committee: C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. Hickey (President), W. Longworth (Vice-President), F. S. Lynch (Captain), Committee: K. F. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; H. (Barney) Fay (Hon. Treasurer), S. Peters (Hon. Secretary).

MALTINE Stakes is named after Maltine, which won the Metropolitan in 1909 and whose daughter, Jocelyn, won in 1929. Both were owned by the late John Spencer Brunton. This grand old sportsman had a seat in the front row of the official stand at Randwick—not reserved officially, but conceded him as a courtesy by A.J.C. members. Rails sawn out that he might have a better view of the horses in the bird cage have not been replaced. It's well that this quiet symbol should remain.

* * *

AN interstate member of the Club in Dr. Stanley McDonnell of St. George, Queensland, sojourned for a few weeks in Sydney at Xmas time. He met several of his student-day contemporaries in Vince Carroll (whom he called "Jockey"), Dr. Terence Daly and Claude Moore. Dr. Stan's father was one of Australia's great cricketers who represented his country in four tours to England. Percy McDonnell had the distinction of captaining the 1888 team. He was a remarkably rapid scorer and in one memorable innings scored 76 runs whilst his partner, Stonewaller Alex Bannerman, scored 2. Our medico member was a cricketer of sorts but nowadays he is a devotee of the "Sport of Kings" and enjoyed his Sydney visit at the expense of the ringmen—a rare feat.

* * *

FIRST horse named in racebook of Tattersall's Club meeting at Randwick on New Year's Eve was Froth and Bubble.

* * *

NOT Cricket: Bad old days at Lord's when bookmakers laid the odds openly there and cricketers were bribed to lose matches are recalled in "From Hambledon to Lord's," edited by John Arlott. One ruse to make bets safe was "to keep a player out of the way by a false report that his wife was dead." What an idea! No, no, it wouldn't be cricket.

Do You Know?

THERE IS NO RESTRICTION
UPON THE NUMBER OF GUESTS THAT YOU MAY INVITE
after 5 p.m. daily

YOU MAY INVITE YOUR MALE FRIENDS
TO LUNCHEON OR DINNER

LADIES MAY ACCOMPANY YOU . . .
TO LUNCHEON ON SATURDAYS AND DINNER WEEK NIGHTS

DINNER AND DANCE MUSIC
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Nights

CLUB DIRECTORY

In order to assist Members, the following information is given :—

Ground Floor :

Mail and Cloak Room
Visitors' Room

1st Floor—Club Room :

Reading and Writing Room
Bar
Telephone Bureaux
Bottle and Grocery Dept.

1st Floor—Mezzanine :

Barber Shop
Shoe Shine
Manicurist

2nd Floor—Card Room :

Bar
Billiards Room
Administrative Offices

3rd Floor—Athletic Dept.:

Swimming Pool
Handball Courts
Gymnasium
Massage Room

3rd Floor—Mezzanine :

Ladies' Powder Room

4th Floor—Lounge Bar :

Coffee Lounge
Dining Room

5th Floor :

Bedrooms

HERB NORTON was most popular resident of Wentworth St., Randwick, on Xmas eve. He distributed huge armfuls of blood-red Xmas bush to a dozen neighbours. It was grown by another well-known racing identity, his son-in-law, Jim Matthews. Jim was leading pony jockey on Sydney tracks for many years, later joined the registered ranks and had many successes on A.J.C. courses. When he became too heavy for the saddle he became a poultry farmer at Castle Hill, largely supplying the export trade on a site beautified by his Xmas bush and other Australian trees and shrubs.

DEATHS

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue.

Dr. L. L. McSTAY (City), Elected 20/4/1936; Died 20/12/1949. B. T. H. RICHARDS (City), Elected 13/5/1918; Died 27/12/1949. F. BEAUMONT SMITH (City), Elected 25/7/1938; Died 2/1/1950. GEO. PRICE (City), Elected 14/8/1922; Died 6/1/1950.

WHEN CATS PURR

HUMAN beings make clumsy attempts to express their emotions; dogs try to voice their delight by short, sharp yelps, which might mean anything. The purring of a cat can mean only one thing. It is the perfect expression of sustained and quiet contentment. No other sound in the universe reaches this perfection. Man, compared with cats, are almost inarticulate. Not the greatest poet has ever uttered his feelings with such consummate success.

Perhaps this is why the cat was worshipped in ancient Egypt, and given an honoured place in the palaces of kings. Not the least wonderful thing about this sound is that it was heard by King Ptolemy.

And long before that—in fact, ever since the creation of cats—this quiet song of sedate satisfaction with the universe has been going steadily on. Whatever agonies have beset the planet, from thousands of millions of gently vibrating throats has come that tranquil assurance that all's right with the world.

A Club Man Writes of His Travels

Here is first of a series of articles written by **GEORGE RYDER** about a world tour taken with his wife. The "Dave" mentioned is **Dave Chrystal**, Sydney business man, Club member, and friend of George Ryder.

DOT, Dave and I are on our way home after spending a little over six months travelling in England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, America, and looking for a few hours at Colombo, Bombay, Port Said, Aden and many other smaller cities. We have definitely learnt two things—firstly, Australia is one of the best countries, if not the best country, in the world to live in; secondly, that for anyone travelling abroad, a British passport is the best article among your luggage.

We left Australia on the *Orcades* on May 2, thinking that we were to see countries and cities far ahead of Australia and Sydney. Why we had this idea I don't know, but we were to learn otherwise. Sydney is far ahead of many of the so-called leading cities we visited. London is very big and there is something there that gets in your blood, but the food is terrible. Admitting that the people

have little to cook with, they seem to make a mess of what they have, and they have lost interest in the art of making a good meal out of little. As regards hygiene, we in Australia should thank our health authorities for the wonderful job they have done. Smell of fish shops all over England, and flies swarming over the meat and food make one sick. There is no excuse for this. Hotels are behind our best. We did not strike a first-class hotel with a shower; in fact, bathrooms seemed the least important items at the places we stayed. This applied also to Italy.

Calling at Colombo on our way over, we saw lovely homes and imagined that this town was well run. We were entertained by one of the leading citizens and he proved an excellent host. The beggars were in force. Every time we stopped to have a look at anything we were accosted. This blight was worst of all in Rome, where it was impossible to go down town without being driven mad. One morning we had to return to the hotel because of this annoyance. Port Said is a smelly place, and we were glad to get back on ship.

Arriving at Tilbury in England, our first impression was not too good as we had our luggage slung over the side with a sling and dropped heavily on the wharf. Our few bottles of Scotch were smashed, the liquid running over shoes in the portmanteau.

We were left standing on the wharf for two and a half hours waiting for our car to get through the heavy traffic, as there was not enough room for all the cars and lorries that were in attendance to carry the people and luggage back to London.

As soon as we arrived at our hotel things began to happen. We met Jack Kramer who was staying in the room underneath ours in the Athenaeum Court, 116 Piccadilly. He was playing in the semi-final of the world's professional tennis championship that night at the Wembley Stadium and gave us three tickets.

His opponent was Pancho Segura. We saw one of the best tennis matches ever. Jack won in the fifth set. The stadium seated about 40,000. You could sit at tables and have a hot meal while watching the matches.

The second night in London happened to be the last night of the Danny Kaye show at the Palladium. When we inquired about tickets we found that it was difficult, but Mr. D. Blacklock, whom we met at the tennis said he knew someone who might be able to help. Sure enough, he secured three tickets. Kaye was a wonder and kept everyone laughing for an hour and a half.

As Dave Chrystal and I thought we might get a game of tennis at Wimbledon we went out to see about getting in some practice, but, as 1949 was one of the biggest entries Wimbledon has ever received, we had little hope. The secretary arranged for us to have games at other clubs. We had a couple of games at Queens—

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H. C. Moon — Proprietor

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Seedsman*

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Bouquets a Speciality

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BONDI JUNCTION**

ARE YOU IN DOUBT WHERE TO SPEND YOUR NEXT HOLIDAY?

Then come to the
Golf House, Bundanoon
(Southern Highlands)

The Ideal Holiday Resort for the
Professional and Business Man

- **Excellent Cuisine**
- **Own Farm Products from 200 acres of land**
- **Own First-class 9 Hole Golf Course (length 3,029 yards, par 36)**
- **Tennis**
- **Ideal Walks and Drives in mountainous surroundings**

GARAGE ACCOMMODATION

Tariff from £5 per week
(Including Golf Fees)

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

Write or 'phone The Manager,
Golf House, Bundanoon
Bund. 15

but, when we found that we were not in the main draw at Wimbledon, we lost interest in the tennis.

I played one match in the first elimination round and was beaten. The court was terrible, you just could not imagine any tennis club having such courts. We scratched out of the doubles as there would have been no pleasure playing on such courts. They were the Bank of England Courts, Roehampton.

Something I saw there staggered me. The day was extremely hot and the sweat poured off both by opponent and myself. After the match I asked the room steward for a towel to have a shower but this was hard to get. After a wait of half an hour, a small towel was forthcoming. My opponent, who was a local fellow, just walked into the dressing room and rubbed himself all over with his towel; then, to my amazement, put his clothes on. This so surprised me that I had a look around the room at the other players and darn me if there were not other men with sweat running off them and rubbing down with a towel before getting dressed. It was then that I found out why there are so few bathrooms and no showers in many of the hotels in London.

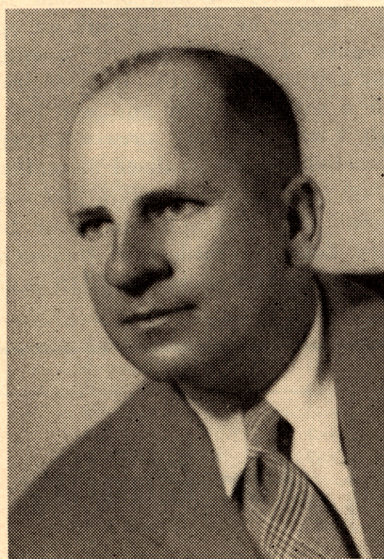
I had a game with Cliff Sproule at Wimbledon, and it was certainly a treat. I have never had the pleasure of playing on such a lovely surface. No wonder players get stirred up when they play on these courts. I could have gone on playing there forever.

We bought a Ford Pilot car on arriving in London and during our first weeks drove out into the country. I don't think you could see country with such beautiful scenery and farms anywhere else in the world.

I had been writing to a Mr. Orchard in London previous to the trip. He is editor of a sporting magazine and turned out to be one of the nicest fellows it would be anyone's luck to know. He arranged for us to have a look over Lord Derby's stud and many other racing establishments. We went to see the English Derby. Mr. Jack Tully, Agent-General for N.S.W., arranged to take us out. Mr. and Mrs. Tully are doing a wonderful job. They saw we got to every-

thing in the best way and met the most interesting people.

It must have taken a little magic to get the thousands of people to the Derby. They put up with inconveniences without murmur. Nothing is provided for the public. They cannot get anything to eat or drink. The stands haven't a chance of holding the crowds. The drinking bar is one you would expect to find in a private home. But the spectacle of the horse carriages on the flat and of bookmakers throwing their arms about like a windmill in a gale, sending odds to other parts of the course, is fascinating. We stood next to Mr. Winston Churchill. In fact, Dot and I were the only two in that part



George Ryder

of the stand and we had a close view of him.

The race was supposed to be one of the most exciting ever run and was won by Nimbus. We were taken by Mr. Orchard to see this horse among others, on the next Sunday, at Mr. Colling's place at Newmarket.

Of all the towns we visited in England I think that I liked Newmarket the best. It seemed to have more interest for us than some of the others. I went into the bar of one of the old hotels and had a couple of beers with Dave. We saw some of the characters that make racing in England. I could have easily stayed in there for the rest of the day talking to them.

(The second of the series will be published in the next issue).

Handball Notes

HANDBALL HANDICAPS — 1950

The Secretary has issued the following Handicaps for the 1950 Season:—

"A" Grade

| | | |
|---------------|-------|------|
| DAVIS, E. E. | | — 15 |
| PARTRIDGE, B. | | — 10 |
| McGILVRAY, G. | | — 10 |
| HANNAN, W. | | — 10 |
| COEN, J. R. | | — 9 |
| WOODFIELD, C. | | — 7 |
| GREEN, I. | | — 5 |
| BUCKLE, J. | | — 5 |
| HUNTER, K. | | — 5 |
| HERNON, P. J. | | — 5 |
| LINDSAY, P. | | — 5 |
| MAGILL, A. | | — 5 |
| McCAMLEY, A. | | Ser. |

"B" Grade

| | | |
|----------------|-------|-----|
| PENFOLD, E. T. | | + 3 |
| LAZARUS, Z. | | + 3 |
| HODGSON, B. | | + 4 |
| BOULTON, G. | | + 5 |
| ENGLISH, H. | | + 7 |
| NEVILLE, J. | | + 7 |
| PRATTEN, G. | | + 7 |
| DAVIS, H. E. | | + 7 |
| JENNER, D. | | + 8 |
| BARRELL, NORM. | | + 8 |
| GOLDIE, G. | | + 8 |
| THOMPSON, E. | | + 8 |
| DEXTER, J. O. | | + 8 |
| CHATTERTON, C. | | + 9 |
| KIRWAN, W. | | + 9 |

"C" Grade

| | | |
|-------------------|-------|------|
| HILL, P. | | + 10 |
| SHAFFRAN, J. | | + 10 |
| MURRAY, S. | | + 10 |
| PHILLIPS, C. | | + 10 |
| BARRELL, NEIL | | + 12 |
| SELLEN, W. | | + 12 |
| CHARLESTON, A. H. | | + 13 |
| SILK, L. A. | | + 13 |
| DOVEY, W. R. | | + 13 |
| NORMOYLE, D. | | + 13 |
| BLOOMFIELD, D. | | + 14 |
| ADAMS, B. | | + 14 |
| PHILLIPS, W. | | + 14 |
| WEBBER, A. K. | | + 16 |
| SOLOMON, S. B. | | + 16 |

Any players not wishing to compete in the competition please notify the secretary.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BUY A YEARLING

A most informative and interesting brochure covering this year's sale of thoroughbred yearlings in New Zealand featured some cleverly written racing stories and statistics.

Many Australians were lucky enough to secure a copy.

ONE tabulation dealt with "What it costs to buy a yearling." Columns of figures for the years 1927-1949 inclusive, gave minute details of sales during those 23 years in which some thousands of youngsters changed hands at prices ranging from a "pony" or so upwards of 4,000 gns., but there were few cheap lots in the list.

In the depression period numbers catalogued naturally were light and as few as 21 were sold in one year, but fortunately for breeders, that quickly changed for the better. In 1935 number catalogued was 116 for a total sale of 20,722 guineas, an average of 240 gns. Highest price was 2,100 gns., while 28 sires were represented.

The 200 yearling mark (lots offer-

ed), was exceeded from 1939 till 1945 inclusive. In the latter year the turnover was 93,120 guineas with average price 468 gns., then a record. Highest individual prices were 3,000 gns. for a colt, and 1,550 gns. for a filly. In the catalogue 142 vendors nominated.

Tabulations showed best year since 1945 was 1947, when 464 lots were catalogued and 301 sold for an average of 604 gns. and an aggregate of 181,795 gns. — average and aggregate records. Highest price for a colt was 4,000 gns. and for a filly 3,000. Seventy sires were represented, 57 lots realised more than 1,000 gns., and there were 250 vendors. That was a bumper year for New Zealand breeders of thoroughbreds, who this season had 518 year-

lings in the catalogue represented by 71 sires while the sale embraced four days.

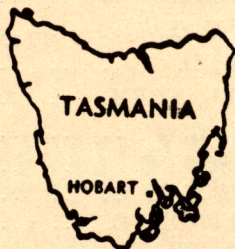
Racing is truly amazing business from whatever angle viewed and on present indications it will continue to prosper. New blood lines are being added to and more and more money is being poured into the thoroughbred industry which is employing many thousands both directly and indirectly.

WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

ON a long trip, I relieved my husband at the wheel. An inexperienced driver, I was thoroughly frightened when I came around a curve and saw a large trailer truck lying across the highway on its side, its engine smouldering. Afraid of an explosion I jammed on the brake and yelled, "What'll I do?"

My husband, who had dozed off, awoke with a start. He took a quick look at the wrecked truck and exclaimed, "How did you do it? How on earth did you ever do it?"

I haven't driven since!



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First Prize - £10,000
CASH CONSULTATIONS

are a weekly affair.

Well and Widely Known.
The Ticket 5/-.

Postage for ticket and result, 5d.

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The address :
Geo. Adams (Tattersall)
HOBART.

For Quality Meat . . .

**HENRY
WOOLFE**

Two Famous Meat Stores

636 GEORGE STREET and
130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

CLUB MEMBERSHIP

The Club Membership List was recently opened for a period of one month, and 1,150 applications were received. A ballot was held as to the order in which such applications should be considered. The limit of membership was increased from 2,000 to 2,200, the additional 200 to be admitted from time to time at the discretion of the Committee at the rate of not more than 25 per month. It is proposed to publish in this magazine each month a list of applicants. The following are to be considered in rotation. This is List No. 3.

| PROPOSED MEMBER | OCCUPATION | ADDRESS | CLASSIFICATION | PROPOSER | SECONDER |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|----------------|------------------|---------------------|
| PALFREYMAN, James R. L. | Brewer | Randwick | City | T. Watson | Dr. T. Barry |
| MONTGOMERY, Robert L. | Managing Director | Balwyn, Vic. | Interstate | F. N. Leech | O. P. Sellers |
| OWEN, Stanley P. | Company Director | Sydney | City | F. E. Shepherd | C. A. Shepherd |
| DONALD, David K. | Solicitor | Lindfield | City | C. J. A. Moses | S. V. Toose |
| KELSO, Francis A. | Woolclasser | Randwick | City | Sydney Baker | J. D. Murray |
| COTTER, Richard F. | Hotelkeeper | Manly | City | Emil Sodersten | Lionel Bloom |
| BOYCE, David F. | Director | Centennial Park | City | S. G. Lands | A. G. Lawson |
| McCAMLEY, Allan | Boot Company Director | Maroubra | City | A. R. McCamley | Harry Buttel |
| WILLIAMS, William L. | Grazier | Narromine, N.S.W. | Country | R. H. Barnett | Wm. Hannan |
| DOWLING, Arthur | Company Director | Granville | City | A. R. Mitchell | E. V. Cuffe |
| EMANUEL, Cedric R. | Commercial Artist | Dover Heights | City | David Lake | F. Goldberg |
| PRATTEN, David A. | Grazier & Solicitor | Pymble | City | E. H. Pratten | F. Goldberg |
| BROWN, James M. | Company Director | Bellevue Hill | City | A. C. Ingham | W. W. Hill |
| HOLE, William H. | Managing Director | Maroubra | City | S. Troy | J. H. Wood |
| FURTON, Alfred K. | Manager | Arncliffe | City | D. Paxton | Dr. C. C. P. Walker |
| WELCH, Roger | Advt. Agent | Sydney | City | A. W. Jones | W. J. P. Dowsett |
| FURLONG, John M. | Hotelkeeper | Vaucluse | City | E. J. Campion | W. J. McIver |
| COLLINS, Desmond G. | Theatre Manager | Bondi | City | J. D. Murray | J. Harris |
| KINSELA, Russell V. H. | Company Director | St. Ives | City | H. T. Dixon | J. C. Pooley |
| STILL, Francis A. | Company Manager | Pt. Piper | City | Andrew Buck | Wm. Longworth |
| SHEPHERD, William H. | Company Director | Rose Bay | City | W. J. Dunlop | R. C. Cathels |
| KINGSMILL, Estlin, E. H. | Bank Manager | Sydney | City | W. R. Dovey | J. H. Peoples |
| BRIERTY, Frederick M. | Masseur | Sydney | City | Geo. Tancred | L. Tasker |
| PEARSON, Leslie J. | Managing Director | Killara | City | C. E. Blayney | Frederick Carr |
| BARTLE, Edwin C. | Retired | Randwick | City | M. McCarten | J. L. Munro |
| MASON, Carl | Company Director | Bondi | City | A. Basser | I. Green |
| SAWYER, James M. | Grazier | Bathunga, N.S.W. | Country | G. A. Christmas | T. Clune |
| WHITTLE, Thomas C. | Building Contractor | Sydney | City | A. J. Moverley | Harold Cooper |
| BOWLER, Leslie A. | Blood Stock Breeder | Richmond, N.S.W. | City | Geo. Tancred | M. McCarten |
| NAUGHTON, Anthony L. | Grazier | Lake Cargelligo, N.S.W. | Country | W. A. McDonald | E. W. Abbott |
| McQUADE, James A. | Hotelkeeper | Sydney | City | F. S. Lynch | F. C. Hidden |
| LESNIE, Emanue H. | Company Secretary | Woollahra | City | Harry Lesnie | I. Silk |
| MacKINNON, George S. | Retired | Vaucluse | City | J. Reid-Hill | C. B. Yates |
| VAN BREDA, Servaas C. | Architect | Sydney | City | Guy Crick | Geo. Webster |
| SHEAHAN, William F. | Barrister-at-Law and M.L.A. | Sydney | City | V. F. O'Reilly | Frank B. Paul |
| HOUGH, Noel E. | Investor | Kensington | City | H. Fay | P. J. Schwarz |
| ALEXANDER, Wm. Ross | Accountant | Bellevue Hill | City | W. W. Hill | H. Jenkins |
| PLAYFAIR, Edmund S. | Merchant | Sydney | City | Wm. Longworth | W. R. Dovey |
| SMITH, Frederick W. | Medical Practitioner | Potts Point | City | Harry Cantor | M. G. Lawton |
| VEALL, Arthur J. | Company Director | St. Kilda, Vic. | Interstate | E. A. Davis | A. Wolfensberger |
| IRELAND, Ernest A. | Company Manager | Blakehurst | City | E. A. Ireland | W. M. Hannan |
| OSBORNE, George F. | Solicitor | Maroubra | City | G. R. Gayleard | S. Williams |
| BLAU, Robert J. | Company Director | Sydney | City | J. S. Blau | S. E. Chatterton |
| VOCKLER, Frederick, Jnr. | Bookmaker | Bondi | Bookmaking | F. Vockler | T. J. Powell |
| KENYON, Reginald H. | Director & Comp. Mgr. | Bellevue Hill | City | L. H. Howarth | J. G. Brown |
| CAHILL, Frederick J. | Journalist & M.L.A. | Ashfield | City | D. A. Craig | J. A. Craig |
| SWEET, Sydney G. | Company Director | Mosman | City | T. E. Sweet | A. W. Hansor |
| MAYLED, Benjamin G. | Credit Manager | Lidcombe | City | J. D. Murray | J. Murray |
| TERNES, Alfred C. | Medical Practitioner | Kogarah | City | Dr. I. Bull | M. V. Gibson |
| McKENDRICK, John | Bookmaker | North Sydney | Bookmaking | W. Mulligan | H. Austin |
| O'MALLEY, Charles | Company Director | Lindfield | City | H. C. Bartley | J. Lindsay |
| MACKIE, David | Company Director | Newcastle, N.S.W. | Country | H. R. Bowden | Rex E. Sanderson |
| McKENNA, Nicholas E. | M.H.R. | Canberra, A.C.T. | Country | John Armstrong | F. N. Ledy |
| DAWES, Raymond T. | Building Contractor | Rockdale | City | M. McCarten | A. Basser |
| OSWALD-SEALY, Cyril H. | Company Director | Sydney | City | Wm. Longworth | G. J. M. Whitla |
| KINGHAM, Henry W. | Advtg. Executive | Epping | City | W. J. P. Dowsett | S. H. Wilson |
| WILLIAMS, Leslie L. | Electrical Contractor | Sydney | City | Ray Vaughan | T. Greaves |
| COLLINS, Elgar A. | Manufacturer | Vaucluse | City | C. E. Young | A. Bloomfield |
| STEPHENSON, Eric | Master Printer | Sydney | City | J. L. Sims | V. Owen |
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SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

Vic. Richards' Big Month — Tops Season's Points

LAST month was Vic. Richards' big time for he figured in the final of each of the four races and took out the Monthly Point Score with lengths to spare.

To add to his honours he has already established a very nice lead in the Season's Point Score and on the way he's swimming he is going to take a lot of catching even though there are quite a lot of races to go before the end of the season around about July.

His nearest rival, Bill Phillips, will miss a few races while he is away managing the Australian Water Polo team at the Empire Games in Auckland.

Since penning the notes for the last issue of the Magazine the Annual Christmas Scramble was held with its usual gaiety and a good time was had by all.

The line-up of trophies of Christmas Cheer made a grand show, especially after Clive Hoole had wrapped them all in gay paper and ribbons.

For these trophies the Swimming Club expresses its heartfelt thanks to Messrs. A. J. Costin, G. Goldie, E. E. Davis, Lionel Bloom, C. Hoole, and Harry Tancred. The boys appreciate your generosity, gentlemen.

The big race, a team's event over 240 yards, six swimmers to a team, attracted four teams who fought out a stirring finish, with a yard covering the first three teams.

Bill Dovey's team, consisting of Bill Sherman, Bob Withycombe, Ken Hunter, Peter Gunton, Harry Davis and himself, carried the day by an inch or so from Bill Kendall's six, with Malcolm Fuller's bunch third.

Each member of the first two teams received bottles, etc., of Christmas Cheer, the presentation of which was in the capable hands of Club Committeeman Alf Collins.

Those who did not get a trophy competed in a Consolation Handicap of six times across the Pool. Thirteen lined up and a finish that tested the Judges thoroughly saw Bill Phillips land the bacon from George Goldie, Stuart Murray, John Dexter, Jnr., and Malcom Fuller, all of whom received something to cheer them on their way.

Recently Don Wilson returned to the fold after a sojourn overseas and while at Lord Howe Island from which he came to us bronzed and bonny and in good enough form to win one of his beloved Brace Relay heats with George McGilvray as partner. In the final they landed third place.

Amongst new members to swim during the month were J. C. Brice and John Peoples whilst Dave Bloomfield had a time trial and will be in action soon.

R. J. Moran swam his first race for some time and landed a second in a final whilst Ron Cook has become a regular performer with a final second at his first attempt and heat placings at the other two.

Bill Kendall put up a fine swim when he gained a second placing in a heat and swam 17-4/5 seconds for 40 yards.

Other good performances during the month were by Carl Phillips, 19 and 19-1/5; Vic. Richards, 20-2/5 and 20-3/5; Bill Phillips, 20-2/5; Malcolm Fuller, 20 and 20-4/5; and Bill Sellen, 20-4/5.

During March, on a date to be notified on the notice boards, the Club Championship over 40 yards will be held for the Alf Collins' Trophy. It is anticipated that there will be a big entry and heats will be necessary to decide a close race in which Bill Kendall will not have it his own way when the champions have put in a couple of months of solid training.

Results

December 20—40 yards Brace Relay Handicap: W. K. Sherman and G. Goldie, 1; V. Richards and J. Shaffran, 2; M. Fuller and N. P. Murphy, 3. Time 26-3/5 secs.

January 10—40 yards Handicap: First Division Final — S. Lorking (23), 1; K. Hunter (24), 2; V. Richards (21), 3. Time 22-1/5 secs. Second Division Final—W. B. Phillips (22), 1; R. Cook (27), 2; C. Hoole (23), 3. Time 20-2/5 secs.

January 17—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: S. Murray and V. Richards (46), 1; R. J. Moran and H. E. Davis (46), 2; G. McGilvray and D. Wilson (51), 3. Time 43-2/5 seconds.

January 24—40 yards Handicap: First Division Final—M. Fuller (21), 1; G. McGilvray (24), 2; M. Sellen (21), 3. Time 20 secs. Second Division Final—C. B. Phillips (20), 1; H. E. Davis (23), 2; W. K. Sherman (29), 3. Time 19 secs.

December-January Point Score

This series resulted: V. Richards, 25½; M. Fuller, 21½; W. B. Phillips, 19; W. K. Sherman, 18½; S. Lorking, 18; C. Hoole, 17; H. E. Davis, 17; A. K. Webber, 16; A. McCamley, 16; C. B. Phillips, 15½; S. Murray, 15½; P. Lindsay, 15.

1949-1950 Point Score

To 24th January leaders in this series for points gained in all races in the season were:—

V. Richards, 66½; W. B. Phillips, 57½; M. Fuller, 56½; C. Hoole, 50; C. B. Phillips, 50; J. Shaffran, 48½; H. E. Davis, 48; S. Murray, 46; Neil Barrell, 44; A. K. Webber, 44; W. G. Dovey, 43½; J. O. Dexter, 43; A. McCamley, 42; R. L. Richards, 42; G. Boulton, 40; P. Gunton, 40; P. Lindsay, 39½; W. K. Sherman, 39½; M. Sellen, 39; G. Goldie, 39; S. B. Solomon, 38.

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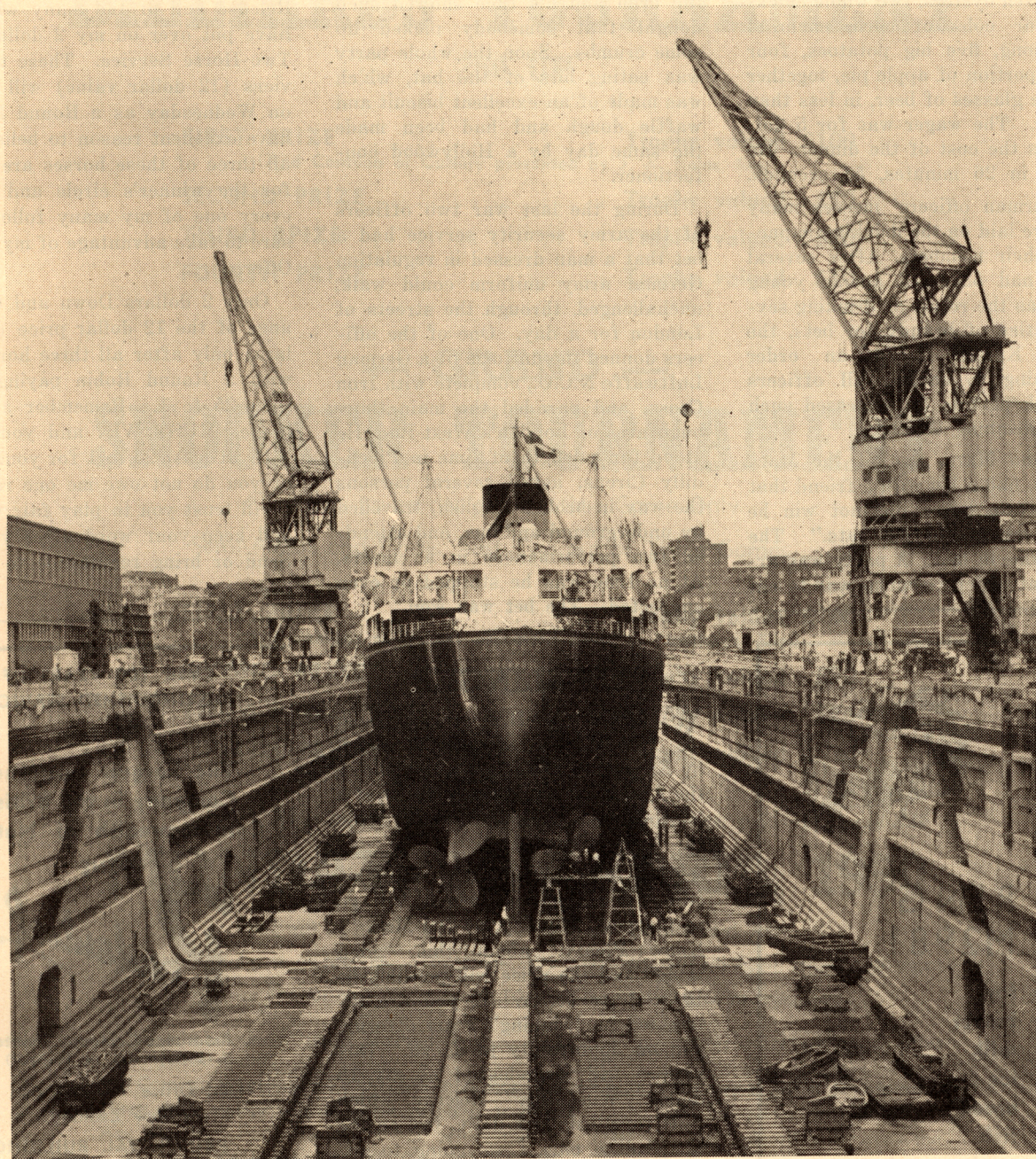
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Close-up of Australia's Largest Dock



The former R.M.S. Georgic, of the Cunard White Star Line, effecting propeller repairs in the Captain Cook Dock. This 27,000-ton liner, one of the big ships using Sydney Harbour, gives an unusually good appreciation of the capacity of the dock and the asset value it has for this country.

Block by courtesy "The Harbour" Newspaper & Publishing Co.

MAN WILL BET ON ANYTHING

SOME years ago, in a New York restaurant, a young man bet that he would eat a dinner consisting of three dozen oysters, two whole chickens, four cobs of corn, each 14 inches long, five big potatoes, four rolls, a portion of apple pie, together with five glasses of beer, in less than an hour. The wager was for 5 dollars plus the cost of the dinner. He finished in 26 minutes, 54 seconds.

In German officers' messes many bets were laid on the drinking capacity of their members. After several deaths had occurred among young officers as the result of drinking several bottles of brandy for bets, the former Kaiser issued an order threatening to cashier all officers who took part in or witnessed such brandy-drinking contests.

Groucho Marx, one of the Marx brothers, had a bet with a friend that if a certain horse did not win he "would eat one of his hats." The horse came in last. A party was arranged at which Groucho was to eat

his hat in the presence of witnesses. He appeared with a smart straw hat. He started with a hearty bite into the brim and his face showed such delight that somebody picked up some crumbs. Soon the whole party was eating bits of the hat, which was made of an excellent biscuit and waffle dough and had been made the same day by a Hollywood confectioner.

During the last war two officers of the army security service had a bet that a man dressed in regulation German army uniform could walk, unchallenged, through the streets of London for a day. One of the officers donned the uniform of a German Luftwaffe N.C.O., complete with Iron Cross, and paraded the main thoroughfares of London's West End. He stood for a length of time in Piccadilly Circus, asked several persons the way in broken English, travelled by underground and bus, and attended two performances in a cinema. At no time was he stopped or even suspected. The bet was won.

* * *

TIP-SLINGER

WALTER CAVILL brought back from the U.S. a pamphlet issued by Ex-Jockey O'Connor which shows the Australian tip-slingers have yet a lot to learn. Listen to this bit from the ex-jockey's sheet:

Get your vacation money with this two-year-old sleeper which will go to the post, Monday, at Del-Mar. "I Know Plenty" about this "good thing" and the price will possibly be 10 to 1 or better. If you are interested in "winning" I am offering you an opportunity to do so. This sleeper will be released as my 10 dollar "Win Only" Release which sells for 10 dollars daily, but on the above date only I am going to sell you this winning information for only 2 dollars.

And no matter how much this winner pays, you owe me nothing at all additional—Fair Enough? Send your 2 dollars now to my office or if you are going to Del-Mar stop and buy at the large yellow and red Ex-Jockey O'Connor signs.

Round Robin Offer: Everyone knows of the sensational winning record of my 10 dollar "Win Only" Release and of the many winners I have put over on my 2 dollar Daily Two-Horse Service. These two services (12 dollar value) will be sold on Wednesday as a Round Robin. I have excellent reason to believe that all three of these horses are headed for the winner's circle and I want every one of my many followers to sure to take advantage of my Special Offer.

Only 2 dollars Down and the balance of the 12 dollar price (10 dollars) only after all three horses win with a Round Robin paying better than 25 to 1. Remember all three horses MUST WIN and you MUST WIN at least 25 to 1 for your money or you do not owe me one red cent. I will trust you to play fair with me and keep your word after you win. Send or bring remittance to my office.

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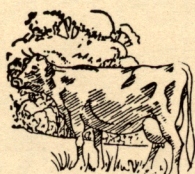
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— GRAND —

BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT

250 UP

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| FIRST PRIZE | Trophy valued £100 (And Canteen of Cutlery presented by J. A. Roles, Esq.) |
| SECOND PRIZE | Trophy valued £50 |
| THIRD PRIZE | Trophy valued £20 |
| FOURTH PRIZE | Trophy valued £10 |

— GRAND —

SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

All Heats to be decided on One Game Only
Semi-Finals and Finals, best Two out of Three Games

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| FIRST PRIZE | Trophy valued £100 (And Canteen of Cutlery presented by A. J. Matthews, Esq.) |
| SECOND PRIZE | Trophy valued £50 |
| THIRD PRIZE | Trophy valued £20 |
| FOURTH PRIZE | Trophy valued £10 |

The above Tournaments will commence on

MONDAY, 24th APRIL, 1950

And will be played in the Club Room on the Standard Table
Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 27th March, 1950. Handicaps, 12th April; Draw, 18th April
Entrance Fee for each Tournament 10/-, to be paid at time of nomination

To be played under latest Revised Rules. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round.

The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament. Three days' notice will be given to play, or forfeit.

Any Member unable to play at or before the time appointed, or such other time as the Billiards Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

No practice or exhibition game will be allowed on the Tournament table during the progress of the Tournaments.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration, or modification in this programme, alter the time for taking entries and declaration of handicaps.

M. J. D. DAWSON, Secretary.

N.B.—ENTRIES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON MONDAY, 27th MARCH, 1950

Black Demons of the Ring

They have not been many, but they have been mighty. Their names live in history.

HERE are glimpses of a few of the greatest of them. And first, the famous pair of coloured pugs from the old Prize Ring: William Richmond and Thomas Molyneux.

Richmond, a cheerful, intelligent mulatto, was brought to England in 1777 by General Earl Percy, and apprenticed to a cabinet maker in York. He bought himself a rainbow coloured coat and learnt to use his fists against local roughs who set on him yelling: "Let's fib Sambo the fancy man." The eccentric Lord Camelford spotted him, took him to London and matched him. He won all but three of his fights, married well, and kept the pub, the Horse and Dolphin, in St. Martin's Street.

Tom Molyneux

To the Horse and Dolphin came Tom Molyneux when he landed in England in 1809. Molyneux was of pure African descent, a real spade. He weighed over 14 stone, stood only 5 ft. 8 ins., had arms like a gorilla's. Richmond arranged fights for him against a giant novice from Bristol and a sailor named Tom Trough. Molyneux half-killed them and issued a formal challenge to all-comers. Tom Cribb, the champion, growled, called Molyneux "an ebony imposter," but agreed to meet him.

Molyneux's two fights with Cribb are historic. The first was a disgrace. At the beginning of the 29th round Cribb was so beaten that he couldn't come out of his corner, so one of his seconds staged a diversion by accusing Richmond of putting bullets in his man's fist, and bit Molyneux's thumb by way of demonstration. This gave Cribb time to recover. In the next round Molyneux was thrown and hit his head on a post. He tottered helplessly in circles and said: "Massa Richmond, me can fight no mo'."

For their second fight, in September, 1811, Cribb was trained to a hair by the famous Captain Barclay. But Molyneux went on the rampage all over England, and when he came into the ring his belly was hanging

in rolls. It was all over in 20 minutes. Cribb took a lot of punishment at first. Then Molyneux's wind gave out and he was easy meat. Cribb's last punch broke his jaw. And that was the end of Tom Molyneux. He had several more fights, went on living like a crazy buffoon, and died in Ireland aged 36.

There were other coloured fighters in the bare-knuckle period, but none of them amounted to much. For the next great coloured boxer you must move on to the epoch of gloves and the Queensberry Rules, to Peter Jackson. Jackson was big and beautifully made, very graceful for a heavyweight. He was born in the West Indies, emigrated to Australia and trained under Larry Foley. In America he beat George Godfrey, the negro champion, and drew with Jim Corbett in a fight lasting four hours. The greatest fight of his life was against Frank Slavin, at the National Sporting Club in London, in 1892. They fought for a purse of £2,000.

Slavin, strong and fast, tore in with everything he had. Jackson held him off with a perfect display of classic boxing, using a lovely long left and riding cleverly with the punch. He weathered some very rough passages, but by the end of the ninth round he had Slavin out on his feet and reluctantly finished him off in the tenth, after the referee had told him to box on.

Neither Johnson nor Slavin

Neither Slavin nor Jackson was ever the same after that fight. Jackson developed consumption, and couldn't box for six years. In 1898 he fought Jim Jeffries because he was broke, but he was still a hospital case and the police stopped it in the third round. Slavin paid his fare back to Australia and he died there in 1901. His portrait was hung on the staircase of the National Sporting Club.

However much he was maligned, not even his best friend would suggest that Jack Johnson, born Galveston, Texas, died France, 1946, was a saint like Jackson. He was one of the greatest heavyweights ever, per-

haps the greatest. He was amazingly fast for his size—he fought at 15 st. 3 lbs.—and his defence was wonderful. He had built it up carefully after some painful early defeats by other negroes. He was a master at countering and smothering punches, before they'd begun to travel, by a lightning tap to his opponent's biceps.

Some say Johnson was never really tested, that when he won the championship from Jeffries, Jeffries was too old. Some say he was never really beaten, that when he lost to Jess Willard in Havana in 1915, when Johnson was 37 and had been running a night club in Barcelona for five years, he lay down and flashed his famous gold-toothed smile, and shielded his eyes from the sun with his glove, and stayed down because he knew it wasn't healthy to win.

The Heavyweights

There were three other fine negro heavyweights in the Johnson era, Sam Langford, Joe Jeanette, who beat Carpentier, and Sam McVea, the ugliest man to enter a ring. Langford was the greatest by far, and there is still a school of Langford fans who say that he was the greatest fighter of all time. He was a freak, only 5 ft. 6 ins., and a bit over 12 stone, but his arms were so long he could pinch his calves when standing to attention.

He could hit very hard with both hands and sling punches from both angles. He fought nearly 700 recorded fights in 21 years. He fought and beat nearly everyone. He beat Harry Wills twice, giving away 3 stone. He lost once to Johnson on points, and Johnson would never fight him again, though Langford chased him all over the world.

The other great negro of this period was the famous, the mysterious, the one and only Dixie Kid. His real name was Aaron Brown. He won the world welterweight championship, but grew to be a middleweight, and often gave away several stone. He was one of the cleverest boxers who ever lived, very fast and full of tricks. One of his specialities was riding with the punch and then shamming groggy. He took care never to get hurt and went on boxing until he was well over sixty.

These Are Not Days of Bargain Price Yearlings

Less than twenty years ago some of Australia's greatest stake earners passed through the yearling sale ring at almost basement-bargain prices. This is not likely to again happen for these are days of high prices for all fashionably bred as well as well-related, even good-looking youngsters.

PROVED gallopers also are commanding big money, both locally and from overseas. Inquiries in latter direction are coming mostly from America. It seems that U.S.A. buyers are keen to secure best Australian blood of both young horses and those with high-class form.

American breeders are anxious to blend best Australian thoroughbred lines with their stud horses, a scheme which so far has proved a success. Australian sires and mares have reached U.S.A. turf headlines though opposition from their own and British blood stock has been very strong. Youngsters by Reading made good in their first season winning several races. Interest will now centre in the Bernborough's and later in the Ajax's.

Australian yearling sales are now centre of turf interest. They will conclude with Randwick's offering during the autumn racing carnival at A.J.C.'s headquarters. New Zealand had a most satisfactory yearling sale, high prices being realised for the better types and close relatives of proved gallopers. This will be the order at Randwick in April.

Two years ago Shannon realised 26,000 guineas at auction, which is

Australian record high price for any thoroughbred. Talking was a spectacular £19,000 buy, while Carbine went under the hammer at 13,000 guineas, though earlier he had been sold for 10,000 guineas less. Valais cost 14,000 guineas at auction and Ajax 13,000 guineas, both as sires, though Ajax had earlier changed hands at 6,300 guineas. Bernborough's reported price in America was £29,062 (Australian). Shannon, after racing there, was sold for an advertised £93,802. America is certainly home of huge prices for racing stock.

Dominant probably was greatest Australian disappointment so far as yearling buys are concerned. Keen competition, a surprise of the auction, sent his price to 6,750 guineas before the hammer fell, but his purchasers didn't take long to find out that they had bought a near dud. That was record yearling price. Avant Courier, at 5,500 guineas, was another failure, as was Tengur at 5,250 guineas, but they were outstanding exceptions as most high-priced yearlings have proved profitable to their game bidders. This is good for the thoroughbred breeding industry which employs many thousands of men and quite a few women.

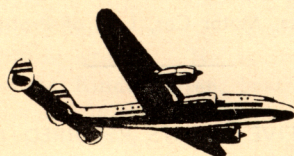
Reviewing prices at which some of Australia's former top-class performers were sold it is obvious many were secured at a bargain basement figure when measured alongside the many thousands in stakes accumulated.

Phar Lap was one of the greatest bargains of Australasian racing. He was sold as a yearling for 160 guineas, but won £66,738, of which £56,425 was earned in this country, the rest in America. Had he lived a season or two more he would have amassed a huge stake figure.

Amounis was another comparatively cheap youngster as he was auctioned for 300 guineas. He lifted £48,297 in stakes, while Gloaming's £43,100 represented a remarkably handsome return for his 230 guineas. Eurythmic cost 310 guineas, "a drop in the ocean" when one compared his £36,891 stake earnings. Fancy getting four such wonderful horses today for an aggregate of 1,000 gns. It seems difficult to believe these days but it was nevertheless a fact.

Carbine was a 625 guineas yearling, was later sold for 3,000 guineas, and still later for 13,000 guineas, and he was worth many thousands more than the last-named total. His blood lines are still featured in many horses in all parts of the world and there is not the slightest doubt that he, above most other horses, has kept Australia's name to the fore in turf history.

Windbag was a 150 guineas yearling. Others which went cheaply when compared with the big money they won on the racecourse, included: David, 40 gns.; Spearfelt, 120 gns.; Cetigne, 200 gns.; Whittier, 250 gns.; The Hawk, 180 gns.; and Carlita, 125 gns.; all of which proves luck often plays a big part in the buying of a yearling, or it did when the cheaper yearlings were about.



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ARE THERE TOO MANY SIRES IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND?

EACH year hundreds of yearlings are submitted to auction and for many big money is realised. Fortunately for breeders, most of the high-priced lots have well rewarded their game buyers. In fact, majority have proved bargains, even at a big outlay, but most of these yearlings have been progeny of well-known and tried sires with several representatives at the sales.

What puzzles racing men is inclusion in catalogues of sires with one or two progeny only. Some of these horses are hardly known to turf enthusiasts but their keen owners are ever hoping their names will sooner, or later, the sooner the better, get into the headlines. Some moderates as racehorses and hardly much better as sires frequently figure in catalogues despite fact that buyers generally pay little attention when their progeny are paraded in the sale ring.

However, until thoroughbred blood-

Hundreds of sires, both imported and local, are doing stud duty in various parts of Australia and New Zealand. Are there too many? When one closely examines the various yearling catalogues it would seem the stallion list could be culled with advantage to the thoroughbred breeding industry.

stock breeders get together and take suitable action there isn't likely to be any changes from present set-up. After all, auctioneering firms are there to sell whatever is submitted to them and there is generally a percentage of unattractive lots in all catalogues. Some of these, however, have turned out better than they looked as they were led round the sale ring. At least one or two of the basement bargain department lots from unfashionable lines earned many thousands of pounds and their names figure in Australia's list of noted winners, just another instance of the luck of racing.

New Zealand appears to have an overplus of stallions at the stud. Catalogue for the January yearling sale showed that upwards of 70 sires figured in the formidable list of 518, a record. New Zealand has produced many great horses, including Carbine and Phar Lap, two of the most illustrious racing names on the Australian turf. Of the 70 odd sires in latest catalogue, 10 are newcomers, but four of the 10 paraded one or two yearlings only, and the quartet included two imported sires, Karnool and Speeder, who were winners in England before transshipment to the Dominion.

Speeder is a son of Dastur, sire of Dhоти, and of Gold Nib, two stallions who have hit the headlines in recent times. Karnool is a son of Panorama from Gwyniad, a daughter of Salmon Trout.

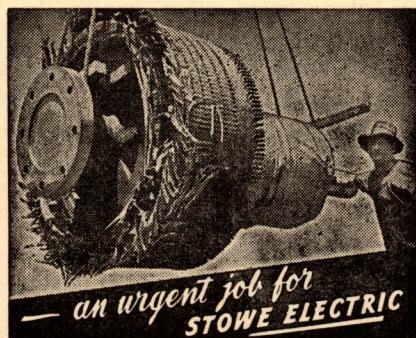
Four other imported sires represented for the first time at this auction were Gilpin, Isaac of York, Red Mars, and Subterfuge. First-named, who won in England to a mile and seven furlongs, is a son of Bosworth from the Phalaris mare, Devonie. He

is the first Bosworth to stand at the stud in New Zealand. Agincourt, at "Kia-ora," Seone, is another Bosworth.

Isaac of York is by Hyperion, whose name is so well known to Club members that it isn't necessary to emphasise what he has done as a sire the world over. For one thing, he headed the English list for five years. Helios is keeping his name in the Australian headlines. Raced lightly in England, Isaac of York did light stud duty there before being sold to a Dominion studmaster. His progeny already are winners at vastly spaced places, Poland and South America, which is interesting.

Red Mars, also by Hyperion, is from Red Garter by Knight of the Garter, and won races up to a mile and a quarter. Subterfuge is a half-brother to Arcot (unbeaten at three

(Continued next column)



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The Extraordinary Pancho

This is the career-story of Pancho Gonzales before he turned professional and found a master in Jack Kramer, the former amateur, ranked as the world's greatest player — professional or amateur.

PANCHO'S gifts proved extraordinary from the start. He taught himself. This is phenomenal, for while there have been poor boys in U.S. tennis before—say, like Frankie Parker—they usually have a top-flight sponsor. Pancho, at 15, was the best young player in California. And then he was banished from the game!

Pancho entered the navy at 17, the moment he was old enough to join. He remained in service for 16 months, transporting soldiers from Okinawa and Manila. His record was splendid. When Pancho got out of the navy, he resumed his intensive practice at Los Angeles' Exposition park and even whacked the ball against the garage door which had afforded him his first practice shots. Within three months, one would never have surmised that Pancho Gonzales had been out of tennis for two years. So he took a chance—he forwarded an entry for the Southern California championships.

Mr. Jones, the tennis official, inves-

years), and by Fairway from Disguise by Dark Legend. Disguise won races in France while her dam, Nun's Veiling, was a half-sister to Chaucer, a leading English sire of about 20 years ago.

Probably the most interesting sire of the locals (New Zealander's) making a first appearance in the catalogue, is Golden Souvenir, a good stayer, winner of 11 races and £17,580 in stakes. He is a half-brother to Kindergarten, best horse of his years in the Dominion, winner of 25 races from four furlongs to two miles, and of £16,105 in stakes. Golden Souvenir comes from same family as Phar Lap and Count Cyrano. He raced at Randwick but failed to strike best New Zealand form.

tigated young Mr. Gonzales and discovered what the navy had done for him. His entry was allowed. Although ostensibly rusty, he became a sensation, even winning a set from mighty Jack Kramer. The Southern California association, visibly impressed, underwrote Pancho for the major swing of eastern grass-court events.

The pleasant visage of Pancho, scarred on the right side as the result of a scooter losing the decision to an automobile when he was a boy, soon delighted audiences at Southampton, Orange, Newport, Sea Bright, Forest Hills. Gonzales obviously delighted in the game and never worried about a bad decision. And how he could hit! When he carried Gardnar Mulloy to five sets at Forest Hills it was obvious he would have to be watched.

Our hero returned to California, where he met a lovely young lady named Henrietta Pedrin, also of

Mexican extraction, at a graduation party. She didn't like tennis particularly, but she liked Pancho. He liked her, too, and in his winning, casual way, he married her. He had no job, but this was no deterrent, for the confident Pancho takes things in his stride. When he returned for the 1948 eastern tourneys, Henrietta stayed home—the little Richard was to be born some time in December.

Pancho performed desultorily in the early season play but, by the nationals, he had found himself. He conquered, in the last three matches, Jaroslav Drobný, Parker, and the steady South African, Eric Sturgess. Gonzales, throughout, flubbed the easiest shots upon occasion. He explained simply, "I just can't concentrate on unimportant shots or unimportant matches."

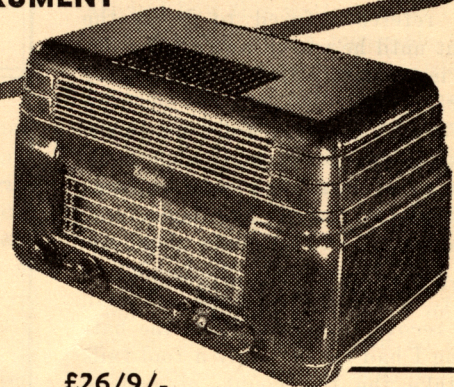
It's better to give than to lend—and often costs about the same, anyway. * * *

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THE "LONG COUNT"

Gene Tunney Tells

The real argument of the decade grew out of Tunney's second bout with Dempsey—the "long count" controversy. To this day, in sporting circles, partisans work up a wrangle on the subject. How long was Tunney on the floor after Dempsey knocked him down? Could he have got up if the count had been normal? Gene Tunney, himself, tells in the following article.

TO me the mystery has always been how Dempsey hit me as he did. It was in the seventh round. I had been outboxing Jack all the way. I was sparring in my best form, when Dempsey simply stepped in and hit me with a left hook.

Jack was so swift and accurate a hitter that in a wild mix-up, with things happening fast, he might have nailed the most perfect boxer that ever blocked or side-stepped a punch. But for a boxer of any skill to be hit with a left swing during an ordinary exchange is sheer disgrace. My only explanation is that an injury to my right eye sustained in training had left me with a blind spot. Dempsey's left swing must have come up into the blind spot—I never saw it.

I was knocked dizzy. Dempsey closed for the kill, battering me with repeated lefts and rights as I fell against the ropes, and I finally collapsed to a sitting position on the canvas. Of what ensued the next few seconds I knew nothing. I had to be told later what happened.

The referee had been especially instructed not to begin a count until a boxer who had scored a knock-down had gone to a neutral corner. Dempsey continued to stand over me. The referee refused to begin the count until he moved away. The delay imposed on Jack a penalty of four seconds.

When I regained full consciousness the count was at two. I knew nothing of what had gone on, was only aware that I had eight seconds left. I had no doubt about being able to get up. My head was clear. I had trained hard and well, and recovered quickly from the battering I had taken. Only a fool fails to take the full count, of course. The question was what to do then.

I had never been knocked down before. But I had always thought about the possibility and planned before each bout what strategy to use when getting up.

I knew Dempsey would rush me to apply the finisher. Should I close for a clinch, to gain breathing space? He hit too hard and fast with short punches for that to be safe. Word from Jack's training camp had indicated that his legs were none too good, that he had slowed down. That was the cue—match my legs against his, keep away from him until I was sure I had recovered completely.

At the count of nine I got up. Jack came tearing in for the kill. I circled away. My legs had never been better. He tried doggedly, desperately, to keep up with me—but he was slow. Once, in sheer desperation, Jack stopped in his tracks and growled at me to stand and fight.

I did—but not until I knew that my strength, speed and reflexes were completely normal. By then Dempsey's legs were so heavy that I was able to hit him virtually at will. He was almost helpless when the final bell rang—sticking it out with stubborn courage.

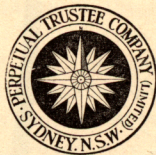
Could I have got up and carried on without those extra four seconds?

I can only say that at the count of two I came to and felt in good shape. I had eight seconds to go. Without the long count, I would have had four seconds to go. I'm quite sure I could have got up, matched my legs against Jack's, just as I did.

The debate over the long count produced a huge public demand for another Dempsey-Tunney fight. Tex Rickard was eager to stage it. The first Dempsey-Tunney fight grossed over 1,700,000 dollars; the second, nearly two million and a quarter; Rickard was sure a third would draw three million. I was willing, eager. I planned to retire after another championship bout, I wanted to get all I could out of it.

But Jack refused. The battering he had taken around the eyes in his two fights with me alarmed him. The very thing that kept him from being hit on the jaw—his style of holding his chin down behind his shoulder—caused punches to land high. He dreaded the horror that has befallen so many ring fighters—blindness.

Jack Dempsey was a great fighter—possibly the greatest that ever entered a ring. He was more valuable to the sport than any prize-fighter of his time. His name was magic; today, 20 years after, it still is.



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BEAUTY ISN'T ALWAYS BLISS

Great beauty, it seems, does not keep a husband faithful, a job secure, or a woman happy. On the contrary, its possessor is far more likely to end alone and unloved than is the girl with normal attraction.

THERE can be few women who at some time in their lives have not longed to be beautiful. Not merely pretty or attractive, but overwhelmingly, devastatingly lovely, so that artists would beg to paint them and admiring crowds gather wherever they appeared in public.

Yet how many famous beauties have been really happy? History can show a score of tragic romances whose heroines might have lived longer had their looks been of a less inflammatory nature.

Ex-Queen Farida of Egypt and Princess Fawzieh of Persia are two of to-day's loveliest young women. But their flawless faces did not prevent their royal husbands from divorcing them when they failed to produce sons to carry on the dynasties. In their private lives, these much-photographed girls with the lustrous dark eyes and fabulous jewels were probably less happy than the young suburban housewife with her pram and shopping basket.

The story of Josephine de Beauharnais—the beautiful Creole whom Napoleon Bonaparte raised to share his Imperial crown—closely parallels that of ex-Queen Farida. Although Josephine was the only woman out of Napoleon's many loves who really captured his fickle heart, he did not hesitate to thrust her from his life when she no longer served his ambitious purposes.

About this time in England the reigning beauty was Emma, Lady Hamilton, one of the most picturesque feminine figures in our history. Attracted by her beauty, charm and vitality, the greatest artists painted her, but chiefly she is remembered for the important part she played in the great events of her time as the woman who was loved by Nelson. On the eve of Trafalgar, aboard the Victory, he wrote to her: "My Dearest beloved Emma . . ."

And her end? She lived for 10 years after Nelson's death, but it was a sorry story of debt, extrava-

gance and endless petitions for help. She was described as "wild and unthinking" to the last, when she fled to France to escape her creditors, and there died and was buried.

When Lily Langtry electrified society in the 1870's her initial triumph came about by accident. Paying her first visit to London with her husband, she met Lord Ranelagh, whom they had known in Jersey. An invitation followed for a Sunday evening "At Home."

Young Mrs. Langtry possessed only one plain black evening gown. She wore no jewels or ornaments of any kind and felt decidedly countrified sitting in a corner of the smart, crowded drawing room.

She had no idea that the striking simplicity of her appearance, with

HIGH FINANCE

IN dollar terms, National Theatres Amusement Corporation believes that its president, Charles Skouras, is worth five times more than President Truman. Mr. Skouras receives 810,000 dollars a year. If Vincent Riggio were to die, the American Tobacco Company would presumably be willing to pay anyone of like ability 484,000 dollars a year. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet values the services of President E. H. Little at 350,000 dollars a year; Seton Porter, President of National Distillers Products Corporation, draws a 310,000 dollars pay cheque.

her lovely corn-coloured hair twisted into a big knot on her neck, was causing a sensation. Admiring celebrities presented to her included Lord Leighton, Millais, Irving and Whistler. Finally the Prince of Wales himself set the seal of royal approval on the unknown beauty. Yet all this adulation resulted in breaking up her previously happy marriage. Popularity increased the Langtry's expenses so much that their home was sold to pay their heavy debts, and after husband and wife had parted Mrs. Langtry went on the stage.

Fascinating Ellen Terry, universally beloved actress of her day, found little happiness from three weddings. As a high-spirited girl of 17 she married the famous Victorian Academician, G. F. Watts then a quiet semi-invalid approaching 50. Not surprisingly, they parted in less than a year.

Yet this experience did not warn her of the incompatibility of youth with age. She, herself, formed a similar romantic attachment in middle age and married a young actor named James Carew. For a time he was her leading man, but this union also failed to last.

One of the most tragic beauties ever to enter a witness box at the Old Bailey was Madame Fahmy, accused in 1923 of murdering her wealthy Egyptian husband, Prince Fahmy Bey. Marguerite Fahmy, a fascinating Parisian, had married this Oriental millionaire only eight months earlier, and had soon discovered her mistake. Although he was only 22, Fahmy was cruel and degenerate, often threatening his wife's life with a revolver. Under this treatment she became ill and utterly wretched. One night Fahmy was found shot dead at the Savoy Hotel where they were staying, and Madame Fahmy was arrested.

At her trial she was brilliantly defended by Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who, before an enthralled court, showed how this western beauty had been trapped into a miserable marriage which, according to Oriental custom, did not permit of freedom by divorce. Eventually he secured her acquittal on the ground that the shooting was accidental, done while Madame Fahmy was in terror of her life.

Then there was Carole Landis. Young, rich and successful on the screen, Miss Landis found no domestic contentment. Already married four times at 29, she was again contemplating divorce. Neither money, fame, nor good looks prevented Carole from taking an overdose of sleeping pills last July. She left £37,000—all of it to her mother.

ROUNDABOUT *of* SPORT

THE earliest known record of cricket occurs in the minutes of an enclosure inquiry held in 1597-98. John Derrick, a Surrey coroner, gave evidence that "when he was a scholar in the free school of Guldeford, he and several of his fellowes did runn and play there at crickets and other plaies." This book is a treasured possession of the Guildford Corporation. Some authorities link cricket with creag, a game played by the Saxons before the Norman Conquest. * * *

WOMEN are beginning to complain that they are not allowed to take part in the motor-cycle racing at the Isle of Man. Well, it is a tough sport, but I suppose we can expect women riders soon. Incidentally, did you know that when "horseless carriages"—the term for the first motor-cars—made their appearance, women who contemplated driving alone were advised quite seriously to take a revolver with them? * * *

THERE is ample evidence to show that the boxer of to-day is not only every bit as good as his fore-runner but is, in fact, his superior. To-day all championship bouts are over fifteen rounds, whereas twenty-five years ago twenty or twenty-five rounds were the more usual distances. In 1841, Tom Hyer won the World's Heavyweight Championship by defeating "Country" McCloskey in 101 rounds! The fight, however, took two hours fifty-five minutes—so if we subtract the one-minute rest between each round, we find that they fought for seventy-five minutes.

Even that sounds a lot compared to the forty-five minutes of actual fighting to-day, but few rounds went more than a minute, as each time either of the protagonists fell it automatically finished the round. * * *

RACEGOERS will affirm that most courses have enough "dead 'uns" to turn them into cemeteries, but Caulfield almost became a cemetery literally. In 1870, ratepayers attempted to have the racing grant

revoked so that the ground could be used for that purpose. At that time Caulfield was "in the bush," with no railway, and reached only by a rough track cut through the heath and bracken. * * *

STROLLING along the streets one morning in his finest clothes, John L. Sullivan saw a runaway horse approaching at a gallop. Without hesitation he leapt into the road and grasped the reins. But the horse was not to be slowed so easily, and John L. was dragged for a long distance before the horse stopped. His friend, running up to him, asked why he had thus risked his life when it would have been so easy to have let go. Sullivan brushed down his tattered clothes, drew himself up, and replied with some dignity: "I never let go!" * * *

EARNINGS of 53-year-old Babe Ruth in 21 years of baseball as the "Sultan of Swat" made him a dollar millionaire. At the peak of his fame he was earning £17,000 a year. Even when he stopped hitting home runs he had £4,000 yearly as director of a team.

Jack Kramer, world professional lawn tennis champion, is expected to top £100,000 in his professional career.

Top-line American golfers can win up to £6,000 yearly in prize-money and may add £4,000 in coaching fees, advertising and writing. But these earnings may last for not more than ten or fifteen years.

K.O.'S AND ALL THAT

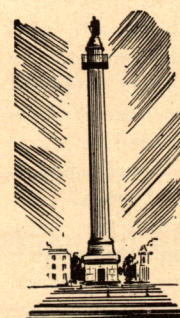
FRANK MENKE, whose "New Encyclopedia of Sports" represents years of research, has a unique angle on the problem of boxing injuries and deaths. Most experts believe that the Marquis of Queensberry Rules—which replaced the bare-knuckle rules of the London Prize Ring—were intended to make boxing safer.

Under modern rules, the fighter has to stand in the ring and take whatever punishment his opponent can

dish out for three minutes, or else hit the canvas and lose the fight. When Jake Kilrain tried to take Sullivan's bare-knuckle crown away in 1889, Kilrain was down about as much as he was up for the seventy-odd rounds of the fight. Although that fight was noted for its brutality, Menke figures a modern boxer soaks up even more punishment when he's out-matched.

Let's listen to what old Tom White has to say. Tom White fought George Dixon—the immortal Little Chocolate—for the world's feather-weight title back in the 1890's. White was licked, but fought almost a hundred bouts during his career. This year he was 79, but his face was unmarked, his mind undimmed.

When asked, not long ago, for his opinion about the modern ring, Tom snorted and said, "Knockouts! Everybody's wild about knockouts now. Nobody cares about science, about defence and manoeuvring. I don't even go to the fights any more."



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Hat Trick

AMERICANS last year paid an estimated 250,000,000 dollars to retrieve their hats and coats from hotel, night club and restaurant check rooms from coast to coast. In New York alone, they spent 20,000,000 dollars. In Chicago, San

Francisco, Cleveland, Los Angeles, and other cities, they spent almost as much.

In almost every case, the money ends up in the pockets of a handful of men who own hundreds of hat check concessions and have become millionaires practically over night.

The pretty girls, the smiles, the

gaudy uniforms that adorn the night clubs and restaurants are only a front for the concessionaires, whose roll in the "fraud" has been carefully hidden.

When you give a quarter or half dollar to get your coat back at the swank Copocabana in New York, you are really contributing to a gentleman named Abe Ellis who is said to take in 300,000 dollars a year there from the hat checking concession. For this privilege, it is reputed, he pays the Copa 100,000 dollars. From the Harem, the Latin Quarter, Jack Dempsey's and other New York clubs, as well as the concessions he owns in Philadelphia and New Jersey, Ellis is said to have made 4,000,000 dollars in 10 years.

When you retrieve your hat and coat at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, your money is actually going to Leon Mollet, who took over a concession that was making only about 60,000 dollars a year, and to-day has snowballed the profits to 200,000 dollars a year.

Another giant in the hat check bonanza, Clifford Wolf, owns 40 concessions in New York alone. Richards & Hassens, the biggest syndicate in the country until their recent split after 25 years of partnership, owned over 200 concessions throughout the country. To-day, Richards has a virtual monopoly on the Midwest.

The concessionaires in New York frankly admit that they expect the girls to "take" 20 per cent. of all tips coming in from customers.

"I'd rather have a smart girl who takes than a dumb one who's honest," one concessionaire admitted. "It's better business. The dumb girl just drags in nickels and dimes. The smart one's good for quarters and dollars. Even if she keeps part of it, she'll make twice as much for you in the long run."

The hat check business is actually in a state of permanent warfare. The girls try to add enough to their wages to make a decent living. The concessionaires surround them with a maze of safeguards to keep the "take" at a minimum. They make the girls put their tips in a locked change box, which is only opened around three or four in the morning by the collector.

Here's What It Takes

IN an attempt to discover why executives fail, Dr. Burleigh B. Gardner, executive director of Social Research, Chicago, gave personality tests to 370 persons. Dr. Gardner gives 12 principal reasons why people lose jobs and alienate employees.

1. *Inability to see the forest for the trees. Some men are picked for promotion because they give careful and competent attention to detail, but the executive who is lost in a maze of details is doomed to mediocrity.*

2. *Failure to carry responsibility. The employee who is excellent at following instructions and routines may be at sea when he must make decisions and plan his own use of time.*

3. *Unconscious desire to do something else. Disinterest in the work is sometimes beyond the man's own control. Praise, rewards, promises of promotion cannot be relied on to stimulate interest permanently.*

4. *Unconscious desire to be someone else. No matter how strong the drive to get ahead, a man will not make a good executive if his ambitions are purely concerned with self. Such men will take on responsibility far beyond their experience but generally can't carry it out.*

5. *A yen for express trains. Some men fail because they are too impatient to carry out intermediate tasks; they want to jump at once to final conclusions.*

6. *Inability to make room for other people. This, says Dr. Gardner, is a carry-over from the role of the favourite child.*

7. *Resistance to authority. This, too, may date back to the man's kindergarten days. Some men always fear being pushed around and treated like a child.*

8. *Arrogance with subordinates.*

9. *Prejudices which interfere with judgment.*

10. *Over-emphasis on work. Strangely enough, the man who sacrifices his whole life to his job does not always succeed as an executive. He needs outside interests for a balanced life.*

11. *Gravitation toward self-destruction. Some men have deep, irrational beliefs that they are basically unfit or worthless. When given the "big chance," they commit some foolishness apparently in an effort to prove their unworthiness.*

12. *Final cause of failure may be an actual mental ailment. Executives, like other people, are subject to nervous and mental disorders.*

Headaches of the Hoof

Thoroughbred breeding is full of heart-breaks, surprises and big dreams. It is only the horses which have the fun, according to Don Eddy, writing in "The American."

THE big drama and gamble in horse-racing is not at the betting windows. It's behind the scenes—in the racing stables. It's in the three years of painstaking and costly preparation it takes to get a colt ready for its first race—a year of gestation, a year as a carefully sheltered youngster on the farm, and a third year of patient training. It's in the hopes that sustain the owner's of all thoroughbred stud farms.

To be a Thoroughbred with a capital T, a horse must be descended from one of three Arabian stallions imported into England after the Crusaders discovered the Arab horse in the 12th century. Even the sorriest selling plater has a family tree centuries older than the human who owns it.

Three classes of American people own racing stables: The upper crust — the Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Phippses, Chryslers, Sloanes, Stones, Dodges — don't need money; they're

in the business because they like horses and get a personal satisfaction out of developing or owning a good one.

If you wanted a young horse, you could go to the big annual yearling sales in Kentucky, New York or California. Last year one yearling which had never seen a race track sold for 52,000 dollars, and a dozen others brought 30,000 dollars or more. In Kentucky, traditional fountainhead of beautiful women and fast horses, even the average yearling sold for 4,268 dollars. Lower prices in California brought the national average down to 3,625 dollars; but even if you bought a yearling, you'd have to provide it with board and room for a solid year before it could be raced. That's why they call it the Sport of Kings; only kings can afford it.

Lexington is probably the horsiest spot in America. Painted horses leer at you from the walls of business houses, horse statues prance in every window, and restaurants are called Stirrup Cup, the Golden Horse-shoe, and Capps Coach House.

It was there that I tracked down the story of Alsab, a horse which has had race fans ecstatic in recent years, and learned of one hazard—the financial hazard—that breeders face. The victim, if you can call him that, was a distinguished veteran of Thoroughbreeding, Thomas Piatt, a gentle giant of a man. One day in the mid-thirties, Mr. Piatt said he paid 90 dollars for a brood mare named Winds Chant. He thought he'd paid plenty, and somewhat dubiously mated the mare with his stallion, Good Goods.

In 1939, Winds Chant presented him with a blessed event which, to his experienced eye, looked a trifle small for a good racehorse. He quietly sent the colt to the sales as soon as he could, and the neighbors congratulated him warmly when Albert Sabbath, a Chicago lawyer, paid 700 dollars for it.

Mr. Sabbath named the colt by combining the first syllables of his own name, put it into training, and eventually gave it to his wife because she thought it was cute. Alsab went to the races in 1941, finished a woe-ful fourteenth in his first try—and then began cleaning up everything in sight. He earned Mrs. Sabbath a tidy 350,000 dollars in purses before she retired him to his own Alsab farm near Lexington in 1944, and still earns about 60,000 dollars annually by becoming the pappy of some 40 young hopefuls. One of them, Myrtle Charm, was last year's champion filly.

The neighbours who congratulated Mr. Piatt so enthusiastically now offer him their condolences, since he might have won all that money if he'd kept the colt, but he laughs it off like a true Southern gentleman. He can afford to; on the strength of Alsab's showing he sold one of his sisters for 25,000 dollars, and a half brother for 28,000 dollars more.

Financial hazards like that are commonplace in the Thoroughbred business, since nobody yet has learned to tell by looking at a horse how fast it can run. One of the great ladies of racing, Mrs. H. C. Phipps, sold a youngster named Seabiscuit to Charles Howard, California race patron, for 8,000 dollars—and Seabiscuit earned 437,730 dollars in purses alone. But the buyers run

(Continued next column)



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CLUB MEMBERS HAVE LIKELY STAYER

Club members, Wally Watson, Tom Cox and Bill Laforest are racing in partnership a promising two-year-old, Ocean Prince, which quickly returned them its purchase money, 650 guineas.

OCEAN PRINCE won at Randwick at third race start and his popular owners are hoping that with experience and age he will develop into a sound stayer. They bought him after closely examining his breeding

risks, too. A colt purchased for 45,000 dollars in 1947 didn't earn a dime in 1948, and another which cost 44,000 dollars paid off exactly 200 dollars.

Even such an astute horseman as Max Hirsch, who became one of the American turf's most successful trainers after he came out of Texas, barefoot, almost 60 years ago, can go wrong. Mr. Hirsch once dickered to buy an equine named Revoke from Dr. Eslye Asbury, a famous Kentucky breeder, then backed down because he decided Revoke was wind-broken. Whereupon Dr. Asbury sent the colt to the races, and it earned him a fortune.

A mare owned by Mr. Hirsch produced a chestnut foal in 1941, and nobody, including Mr. Hirsch, thought much of it. He named it Stymie because he was afraid that was how it would wind up, trained it, and in 1943 entered in a 1,500 dollar claiming race. Mr. Hirsch Jacobs, who is not related to Mr. Max Hirsch, and is no longer his dearest friend, claimed Stymie — and at the close of business last year, this horse nobody wanted had earned a cool 911,335 dollars. When Stymie's name is mentioned in his presence nowadays, Mr. Max Hirsch kicks himself where it will do the most good.

I learned in Kentucky that the racehorse kingdom, matrimonially speaking, operates under the harem system. Papa is a sultan whose establishment may contain as many as 40 wives, seldom fewer than 20, and he changes them almost every year.

lines and were struck by his good looks.

The colt belongs to the family which produced Cadonia, a noted stayer of 1913 era when he won Sydney up and A.J.C. St. Leger. Impulse (New Zealand Cup) is also in the family. Oldest progeny of White Ensign (imp.), sire of the colt, are two-year-olds and the few raced to date have given excellent promise.

White Ensign was got by Fairway (a top-ranking English sire of many seasons and leading money winner for four terms), from Micmae by Sansovino (Derby). White Ensign is a three-quarter brother to Blue



Wally Watson

Peter, winner of the Derby, Eclipse Stakes, etc.

Layette, dam of Ocean Prince, is by Andrea (imp.) from Baby's Dream by Duke Foote from Persian Dream by Persian Knight from Josephine by Beauchamp (imp.) from Auricula by Abereorn from Aurelia by Musket (imp.).

Easy on the eyes and a bold galloper, Ocean Prince certainly won his opening race rather impressively.

Happiness may be thought, sought or caught—but not bought.

* * *

Everything has been thought of before, but the difficulty is to think of it again.

Bowling Notes

AFTER a quiet time during Xmas and New Year holidays the Club's activities have been fully resumed.

On 12th January a roll up at Double Bay, and arrangements are now well in hand for contests against various clubs, including a return match against City Tattersalls. A luncheon at Double Bay will be given to City Tattersalls.

A further round of the Pairs Handicap was played on 12th January, when Johnny Ruthven and Ted Dewdney (4) defeated Lew Catts and Cec. Davis (1) by 26 to 22. This was probably the most exciting match of the series. On the 12th end the back markers (Catts and Davis) led 18 to 15 and looked like winning, but commencing the last end the "lightweights" had drawn level and scores were then 22 all. Catts & Davis then put 3 beautiful shots within inches of the Kitty, and the game looked all over, but here Johnny Ruthven played a shot that will be talked about by the large gallery for many years to come.

As the magazine has only 24 pages the shot cannot be fully described, so briefly, he trailed the Kitty to such a position that it was practically impossible to beat.

Two other woods close by turned the position from 3 down to 3 up. Cec. Davis failed to save and when Ted Dewdney drew another it made the winning margin 4 shots. Congratulations, Johnny.

Two further games set down for 19th January had to be postponed on account of rain, but we hope to complete the competition at an early date.

We were all glad to see Roscoe Ball playing again. Fully recovered he had a "first up" win, and his skipper, Jack Monro, said he had come back from his spell in great heart and splendid touch. Some well-known personalities in the Bowling world appear in the list of names for consideration for membership of Tattersall's Club and we hope, when elected, we will have them as active members of the Club's bowling section.

Melbourne Jockey Chases New Fields and Faces

BILLY COOK found the going good, a little strenuous, on his English visit and on his return sang the praises of English sportsmanship and hospitality. Since he renewed local associations Cook has maintained a splendid winning average and maybe is better for his experiences abroad.

Breasley had long desired a trip to England. He didn't leave Melbourne without security—any Australian jockey who travels to England without a retainer hasn't the bolter's chance of getting a go on. There is a rather much strong opposition and, as in all countries, it is difficult for a newcomer to secure engagements. Known to his legion of friends as "Scobie," the popular Melbourne rider was accompanied by his wife and 10-year-old daughter,

It depends on his success whether he remains in England after competing contracts, but on this score there seems little doubt for he is a crack jockey who knows all the finer points. Even pitted against world

Arthur (Scobie) Breasley will soon be another unofficial ambassador for Australia. In England next month he will link up with Edgar Britt and other prominent Australian jockeys who have kept their names in the headlines on that side of the world, and who have given Australia plenty of the right kind of advertisement quite apart from the racing angle.

renowned Gordon Richards, fellow Australian Edgar Britt, and other high-lighters, he can be relied upon to make it most interesting, and they won't win all the races.

Breasley is to ride for a stable sheltering 35 horses trained by Noel Cannon, many of them gallopers which have proved themselves capable of winning in the best company. Breasley's retainer came from J. V. Rank, so one can rest assured it was a special inducement that took him from lucrative Melbourne engagements.

His departure left one more gap in the ranks of leading Australian jock-

eys. Melbourne racegoers will miss this stylish and clever horseman who has won practically every race of note on the calendar. A familiar figure at Randwick, where he won many races, he did many punters a good turn. He was given a grand send-off by close friends and associates on the eve of his departure.

When Breasley retires from the saddle it is likely he will return to Melbourne and settle down, but not as a trainer of horses. That is not his idea of leading a retiring life.

Shortly after this appears Breasley will be making his English debut and club members who know him well believe he will soon get into the racing headlines just as Billy Cook did soon after his arrival, and as did Edgar Britt, but that was quite a few seasons ago.

Asked by a Melbourne pressman to name the best horse he has ridden, he replied "Lawrence," weight for age and handicap winner of a few seasons ago. Lawrence was successful in the Caulfield Stakes (2), Memsie Stakes, Caulfield Guineas and other events.

About 20 years ago Breasley won the A.J.C. Metropolitan on lightweight Cragford, which was weighted at 7.5. He now goes to scale at 8.2—a favourable weight for English conditions. He headed the Melbourne winning jockeys' list in 1944-5-6.

Australians will be watching and reading his English doings. They hope to see him among the crack riders in the English Derby. A win in that classic would be his greatest accomplishment and realise a life's ambition.

DEFINITIONS

Waffle: A welcome mat with syrup on it.

To-morrow is the world's greatest labour-saving device.

Harp: A piano in the nude.

Criminal: A person with predatory instincts who has not sufficient capital to form a corporation.

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LIGHTWEIGHTS SURPRISED IN CLUB'S ANNUAL DOUBLE

Bookmaker Club members found the annual race double quite a satisfactory result as outsiders Skip Court (Carrington Stakes) and Penthrillus (Club Cup) proved too solid for rivals and won well.

BOTH winners figured at bottom of the weights, and though Penthrillus had won at his prior start it was in Encourage company only and few of the public expected the gelded son of Pentheus to prove superior to Cup opponents. However, his lightweight (6.7), plus excellent horsemanship by S. Taylor, brought success. A few lucky backers had 66 to 1 about the gelding but late-comers had to take 25's.

Steady was the most popular runner but he had to be content with second money, an improvement of one placing on his 1948 effort when he finished third to Avalanche and Barnsley. Steady also ran second

in A.J.C. Summer Cup so his party had a disappointing holiday meeting.

Dark Marne found his 9.9 too much of a burden but Silent showed that he is still capable of throwing his weight about by finishing third with 8.6.

Skip Court's Carrington Stakes was full of merit as he gave most of his opponents a start. Aided by his light impost he was able to beat top weight San Domenico who ran gamely under 9.8, while Sheba was a good third. Like Penthrillus, Skip Court was ridden by a little known jockey, R. Binder, but the lad handled his mount with judgment and skill at no time being flustered, even when nearing the winning post.

Though some fields were a bit disappointing so far as numbers were concerned, the racing was keen and

interesting and patrons were quite happy over variety in the bill of fare even though most of them found winners rather elusive.

Attendance figures were down on Carrington day, but up on Cup day compared with the corresponding fixture of 1948. Arrangements were in capable hands of the Club Committee. Chairman Mr. John Hickey presented the Cup to the winning owner, Mr. J. Maria.

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AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

RACING FIXTURES for 1950

FEBRUARY

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 11 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 18 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 25 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |

MARCH

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 4 |
| (At Moorefield) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 11 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 18 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 25 |
| (At Rosehill) | |

APRIL

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 1 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 8 |
| Australian Jockey Club Mon. | 10 |
| Australian Jockey Club Wed. | 12 |
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 15 |
| City Tattersall's Club Sat. | 22 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 29 |
| (At Rosehill) | |

MAY

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 6 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 13 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Tattersall's Club Sat. | 20 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 27 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |

JUNE

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 3 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 10 |
| Australian Jockey Club Mon. | 12 |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 17 |
| (At Moorefield) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 24 |
| (At Randwick) | |

JULY

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 1 |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 8 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 15 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 22 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 29 |
| (At Rosehill) | |

AUGUST

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 5 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Mon. | 7 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 12 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Hawkesbury Racing Club Sat. | 19 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 26 |
| (At Randwick) | |

SEPTEMBER

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 2 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Tattersall's Club Sat. | 9 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 16 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 23 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 30 |

OCTOBER

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| Australian Jockey Club Mon. | 2 |
| Australian Jockey Club Wed. | 4 |
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 7 |
| City Tattersall's Club Sat. | 14 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 21 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 28 |
| (At Moorefield) | |

NOVEMBER

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 4 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 11 |
| (At Canterbury Park) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 18 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 25 |
| (At Randwick) | |

DECEMBER

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. | 2 |
| (At Randwick) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 9 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| Sydney Turf Club Sat. | 16 |
| (At Rosehill) | |
| Australian Jockey Club Sat. | 23 |
| Australian Jockey Club Tues. | 26 |
| Tattersall's Club Sat. | 30 |
| (At Randwick) | |

THOUGHTS

He's the kind of guy that has the first dollar he ever owed.

Some people get the idea they are worth a lot of money just because they happen to have it.

The safest thing to do at a cross-road is to humour it.

There are no hopeless situations; there are only men who have grown hopeless about them.

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This is Red Cross Month
—GIVE LIBERALLY—